

Esther Hebrew Growing Cucumbers to Buy a Bike

Harold and Laurel were enough older than I, that I was the baby for quite some years before Bud came along. My brother Harold had a heart murmur so that curtailed his activity and my sister Laurel could not tolerate the sun so she was an inside person with my Mother doing the piano, singing and learning to cook, all those kinds of things. I was number three child so I was my father's handy little boy. I worked with him all the time.

When I was old enough to have a bicycle, he talked to Luther Coates up on the hill in the old 3rd Ward and I worked in the cucumbers with him. I picked the cucumbers for him and carried those 100 pound bags to stack them up. And then I did that so well, he called me "Hester." He only had one arm so I was his right hand.

I did quite well up there with him so my father blocked out a little piece of land in the lower area of our property to let me grow cucumbers. I planted them, I hoed them, weeded them, I watered them and I picked them. The contract was that when I picked them, I would put the sacks of cucumbers, they were small about four inches is the largest that they would take, in my coaster wagon and pull them all the way up to the co-op store, this is where the railroad was, and I would put them on the train. They would go to Chicago to the pickling factories.

Every month I would get a little check from the pickling company and then I purchased a bicycle-five dollars a month from Sears Rohbock. That cucumber experience turned out to be a very good growing experience for me.